

Coda to "They Way We Weren't"

by Jigs

Category: Farscape

Genre: Romance

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2000-06-18 08:00:00

Updated: 2000-06-18 08:00:00

Packaged: 2016-04-27 19:33:09

Rating: T

Chapters: 1

Words: 4,586

Publisher: [www.fanfiction.net](http://www.fanfiction.net)

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> <meta name="Generator"> Title: Coda to Farscape's "The Way We Weren't"

Title: "The Way We Weren't" Coda

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Archiving: please email me first

Rating: R (sexual content)

Category: Adult

Warnings: Contains spoilers for "Crackers Don't Matter" and "The Way We Weren't"

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Disclaimer: Regrettably I have no claim to Farscape, I'm just borrowing the characters for some sex-capades.

John and Aeryn sat in companionable silence at the crescent-shaped table in Central Command as Moya's biomechanoid systems hummed unnoticed around them. They had been here for nearly a quarter of an arn, content to be together, but neither knowing quite how to begin a

conversation.

Not surprisingly, John was the first to speak, "Velorek said that he'd always remember you." He paused briefly to look over at Aeryn, then continued, "and youâ€|have youâ€|." He hesitated again, searching for just the right phrase, wondering if she still had feelings for the Peacekeeper lieutenant.

But before he could finish his thought, Aeryn interrupted, "Uhhmmâ€|he said that in the right new place, I would thrive." She glanced at John expectantly, toying with a piece of wiring she held in her hands.

"He was right," John replied immediately, smiling shyly at her.

John's agreement seemed to please her, reinforcing her hope that Moya was the 'right place' despite the horrible truths revealed earlier.

Aeryn looked back at her hands, nervously rolling the insignificant wire between her fingers. "You know that time when he asked me to go with himâ€|he said, 'you can be so much moreâ€|.'" She wavered, looking over at John who watched her with great interest, "That was exactly what you said to me on the first day I was here."

John looked away, focusing on nothing but his own thoughts as the memory flashed through his mind with great clarity. It encouraged him that she remembered that moment too. He chose his next words carefully, speaking softly, "and you sayâ€|you thinkâ€|you loved this man?"

No matter how softly spoken, the question lay between them like a ticking bomb.

Aeryn pondered his question for a few microts, taking a shallow breath as if to speak, then looked at John. He returned her gaze, unable to conceal the hope he felt, but neither spoke.

Aeryn tried to think of some way to answer John, but she wasn't entirely sure what he was asking. Did he want her to confirm that she loved Velorek, or that she could love \*him\*? She said earlier that she felt something for Velorek, something she guessed was love, but now she wondered if she even knew what real love was. How could she so completely betray someone she loved, and for something so unimportant as prowler duty?

She looked away from him again, and John released the breath he wasn't aware of holding and looked down at his hands. Aeryn looked back at him, wishing she knew what to say. She couldn't bear the thought of hurting him right now, but she didn't want to lie to him either. John caught her eye and smiled slightly, sensing her conflict.

She had forced the memory of Velorek and her betrayal of him from her mind three cycles ago. But here it was, thrust upon her unwillingly once again. Her life during the last cycle had forced her to examine her Peacekeeper values, and no matter how reluctantly at times, she had begun to change. But John's interest in her relationship with Velorek made her uneasy.

She understood her choice back then, but did John? How could she overlook Velorek's traitorous plan when she was a loyal Peacekeeper? Her training was too ingrained in her for it to have been otherwise. That she had used the knowledge of Velorek's plan to gain reassignment to Prowler Detail was just a bonus, she told herself then. Her honor was intact; the allegiance she swore to the Peacekeepers, to Captain Crais, had been fulfilled. She was born to military life; orders, duty were everything. She didn't question their merit or altruism - they were only commands to be followed; the consequences were better left analyzed by others. Her conscience was clear. Funny how time and circumstance change those perceptions she thought.

Velorek was not blameless, although she was quick to defend him when Crichton thought him sadistic after viewing the surveillance recording. She knew that was not the whole of him. Yes, he took advantage of Pilot's naivete in convincing him to leave his home world, even tortured him to impress Crais and Moya into accepting a new Pilot. But there were other times he showed compassion for both of them. He put the Leviathan's wellbeing before his career, an incredibly stupid thing to do she thought at the time. And she was the one to ensure that he paid the ultimate price for that stupidity.

As she thought of it now, maybe that was why she so easily defended John to Crais - he had reminded her of Velorek. Both were techs, both strangers in a strange land. John for obvious reasons, Velorek because he certainly didn't have a Peacekeeper mentality about alien species or following orders. And then there was Velorek's prophecy, that she could be more, the same observation John made after knowing her only a few arns. Maybe her defense of John was a way for her conscience to atone for betraying Velorek? She didn't dwell on it at the time, staying alive was the priority then, but the sharp pang of memory had stabbed at her all the same.

"Aeryn?" John's voice pulled her back into the present.

"I don't know, John," Aeryn said, knowing he expected some response.

"Why not?" John persisted. "You said you thought it was love. You even said you and Velorek were lovers."

"I know what I said," Aeryn snapped, "butâ€¦now I'm not so sure." Offhandedly she remarked, "it doesn't matter anyway, Velorek is dead." She pushed away from the table and stood up.

"It matters, Aeryn. It matters to me." John pleaded, watching her intently.

Aeryn rolled her head from side to side and closed her eyes. I'm so tired, so very tired, she thought - tired of this day, and suddenly very tired of this conversation. "Why would it matter to you," she spat angrily, "it's in the past." She immediately regretted her tone of voice, and tried to soften it, but wasn't altogether successful, "I'm confused, John. All right? A part of my past I thought buried has been exposed to everyone. I'm not proud of it. In fact, I'm appalled by it, but it happened. I can't change it.

"I don't care what you did then. We all have a past Aeryn, things we aren't proud of. But I care a lot about where we go from here." John's frustration was building by the microt. He just wanted to help her through this, but he wasn't sure how. "I'm confused, too, Aeryn. I think if we talkâ€¦."

She cut him off in mid sentence, "you always want to talk, John! Right now I'm so tired of talkingâ€¦"

"And what's the alternative, Aeryn?" John demanded, moving to stand behind her.

Aeryn's eyes filled with tears; she was grateful that John was behind her at that moment and couldn't see them.

"I'm sorry," John offered, kicking himself mentally for pushing her. He knew the confessions of the day had shocked and unsettled her. He was quite sure, had she known about the recording, it would have been destroyed long ago. Still, she had told him more about her life in the last few arns than he had learned in an entire cycle on Moya.

His voice thick with sympathy, he said, "this experience has been an emotional roller coaster for all of us."

"Roller coaster?"

The translator microbes had failed John yet again. "Never mind," he sighed, "I just mean a lot has happened. Emotionally we are all on edge. Talking helps me, butâ€¦" John leaned in close to Aeryn's ear and brushed her cheek with his, asking quietly, "tell me what you need?"

Aeryn slumped against his strong body and laid her head on his shoulder, her ebony hair falling in waves against his chest. "Can you just hold meâ€¦quietly?"

John chuckled softly, "Yeah, I can do that," his patented smirk fixed firmly on his handsome face. "Let's find some place a little more private."

Aeryn nodded her consent as they headed for the star terrace, holding tightly to each other.

The day's events had exhausted the entire crew of Moya; not even the DRD's were busy within the cavernous depths of the great Leviathan tonight. Zhaan meditated in her quarters, while D'Argo polished his Qualta blade and contemplated his revenge against the Hynerian for pilfering the surveillance recording from his quarters. Rygel cruised his chamber in his hover throne sampling his private stash of food cubes; Chiana slept dreamlessly in the cell next door. And Pilot, finally free of the pain that had coursed through him for the past three cycles, communicated with Moya, asking for forgiveness and vowing to earn her trust. It was a quiet night.

John sat on the floor of the terrace, his back against the wall of the small alcove closest to the panorama of stars. Aeryn watched him settle in, smiling as he patted the floor between his legs, encouraging her to join him. She obliged, leaning back against him; their bodies molded together in a perfect fit. John rested his chin

on top of her head and draped his arms over her shoulders. Aeryn entwined her fingers with his and closed her eyes.

No one was more surprised than John when she brought his hand to her lips for a lingering kiss, then ran her silky cheek across the back of it. John sighed heavily, enjoying her tender gesture. Too often he saw only the willful warrior, but the subdued woman who sought his comfort now filled his heart with love. She had made great changes in her life in such a short time, miraculous changes, considering the revelations of the last twenty-four years. He wanted to know everything about this complex beauty that had captured his heart.

It was difficult for him not to talk to her; he had so much he wanted to say - so many unanswered questions. But he had promised her quiet comfort, and he was a man of his word. He wrapped his arms around her, rocking her gently as he hummed the melody to an old lullaby he remembered from his youth.

Aeryn sighed contentedly, comforted by the strength of his protective embrace. After a time, John smoothed her hair back from the sides of her face, then leaned in to kiss her cheek.

"John?" Aeryn's voice was whispery soft.

"I was only humming, not talking. You didn't say anything about humming." John explained hurriedly, rushing to his own defense.

"Shhh!" Aeryn hissed softly, turning to face him. She pushed his knees down and straddled his legs, eyeing him sweetly as she settled on his lap. "You know, John, sometimes you really do talk too much."

As John opened his mouth to protest, Aeryn captured his lips in a passionate kiss, threading her fingers through his hair to pull him closer. John kissed her back, hard. He wanted to erase Velorek's memory - that and any doubts she had about his feelings for her. The kiss lasted several moments as their tongues explored and tasted each other. They finally broke free, foreheads pressed together, gasping for much needed air.

"Remember when we were with the Ancients on the fake earth that night we spent together? It meant a lot to me Aeryn. It was." He paused then, and closed his eyes.

Aeryn reached up and stroked his cheek, "what John? Tell me," she whispered, lifting his chin so she could see his exquisite, blue eyes, "please," she repeated.

"Heaven for me anyway. I needed you so much, Aeryn no matter that the circumstances were so extreme. I wanted to be with you, right then, and so many times since." He paused then, searching her face.

"Go on," she encouraged, wanting to hear it all.

"I thought well I thought that was a beginning for us. But you never gave me any indication that you wanted."

"Is that why you made that 'frigid' comment when T'raltixx was on board?"

"What?" John was incredulous. "That's not fair; I was not in my right mind - none of us were. It was a joke." It was a shabby defense, and John knew it, but she had caught him off guard.

"And what is that old Earth saying you told me once, the one about 'no truer words are spoken than in jest,' or something like that. Do you really think I'm frigid, John?"

"Noâ€|wellâ€|no. I mean, maybe I thought so, when you rejected me so often, but you explained that earlier. I just didn't understand." Dren! John thought, frelling dren! This conversation had taken a decidedly wrong turn!

Aeryn grinned derisively as John floundered through his explanation, nodding her head in exaggerated understanding, her brow slightly furrowed.

"Look," John continued, "you were affected by T'raltixx, too. As I recall, you said some pretty unflattering things to me. Did you mean what you said then?" Ha, he had her now, he thought. Two could play this game!

"You're talking about that 'little man' remark?" Aeryn reached down between his legs and stroked him. "Obviously there is nothing 'little' about you, John." Aeryn smiled wickedly, enjoying John's physical reaction to her touch.

"You definitely don't play fair, Aeryn!" There was no sense in denying how much her touch excited him; it was all too obvious. "I'll give you thirty microns to stop that," he said, grinning foolishly, his leather pants becoming increasingly uncomfortable.

"Maybe we should move to my quarters," she suggested, kissing him lightly.

"Or my quarters? They are closer, and if you keep touching me like that, I won't be able to walk too far."

Aeryn laughed softly and stood up, offering John a much-needed hand. "How about a neutral site? Did you know Moya has a recycling pool? It's really quite comfortable."

"But what about that Sebacean heat thing? How can you tolerate hot liquid like that?"

"Well, it's not that hot, John, just warm enough to soothe the muscles, but not hot enough to harm me, if I don't stay in too long."

"Sounds like a plan, then. Good ol' Moya, a full-service Leviathan," he said, unable to stop the huge smile that spread across his face.

The couple walked hand in hand into the lowest level of Moya's tail section, anticipation already replacing the earlier tension.

Aeryn lead them to a tiny chamber just off the laundry pool. It

reminded John of the sauna room at Cape Canaveral's health facility, right down to the billowing steam that swirled around them. He looked over at Aeryn still not certain this temperature could be good for her.

"You're sure about this? The heat, I mean?" He began to unfasten the clasps on her leather vest.

"I'm sure," she answered reassuringly, shrugging the vest off her shoulders to expose a black sporty-looking bra, similar to the type he remembered seeing in the malls back on Earth.

"Peacekeeper black, right down to your undies, huh?" John smiled approvingly, running his finger tips along the back of her bare arms.

"And I thought you liked me in black," Aeryn teased as she opened his black and red jerkin to rub her warm hands over his sculpted pecs.

"Oh, yesâ€¦." John moaned, "I like you in black...hmmmâ€¦but I like you best in nothing at all." His sparkling eyes never left hers as he slowly unzipped her pants, and dropped to his knees.

Aeryn watched as he quickly removed her boots, enjoying his pampering touch. John eased her pants down her long legs, then caressed each ankle as he helped her step out of them.

Her smile was dazzling, and it warmed him more than the Florida sun ever had. John reached behind her, caressing her lower back, and rubbed his cheek against her bare stomach.

"This is better than any dream," he sighed, "much better."

"Well, in my dreams John, you have on far fewer clothes," Aeryn said, pulling him up to face her.

Unable to resist her luscious mouth any longer, John kissed her hungrily. Aeryn responded, parting her lips at the urging of his insistent tongue. John had definitely mastered the art of kissing, Aeryn thought to herself, reacting to his gentle exploration. He valued her satisfaction as much as his own, and that was a welcomed change from most of the men she had kissed.

She slipped her hands under his vest and pushed it off his shoulders, then pulled the black undershirt over his head, dropping it to the floor. John had already started to unzip his pants, but Aeryn quickly stopped him. "Let me," she purred.

"Whatever you say," John groaned as her hand intentionally rubbed his hardening length. He could not get enough of her and he knew he never would. His life would never be boring as long as Aeryn Sun was in it.

Pushing him down on a small protrusion in Moya's hull, she knelt down to remove his shoes. John raised up to allow her to pull his pants from underneath him, then she stood, pulling the offending garment off him completely.

"Now close your eyes," she said sweetly, heading for the edge of the

recycling pool. "Go on, close them."

John laughed at her instructions, "suddenly getting modest on me, Aeryn? I think I'll keep them open; I like the view." He winked at her.

But Aeryn was not in the mood for his humor at the moment. "Closedâ€|now, or I'm leaving," she ordered.

"Ok, ok, closed." John squeezed his eyes shut and juttred out his chin. "Can't see a thing. Happy now?" The last thing he wanted was for Aeryn to leave. Though confused by her request, playing along seemed best for now. So he conceded, crossing his fingers behind his back.

Satisfied that she was not being watched, Aeryn turned her back to him and removed her bra. Of course John had no intention of missing Aeryn in all her natural splendor and sneaked a peek, just as she was bending over to pull her briefs down those incredible legs.

He smiled at the vision of her; even if her rear end was a little on the flat side, he didn't care. He was a 'leg man' anyway, and she had damn fine legs. Just then he heard a splashing sound as Aeryn entered the pool. He shut his eyes again quickly, not willing to incur her wrath if she caught him cheating.

"The temperature is just right," she sighed enjoying the sensation of the warm liquid on her aching muscles. The earlier encounter with Pilot left her bruised and sore; she needed a good soak. "Coming in?" she invited, smiling enticingly.

"Right behind you, babe," John said getting up from this perch. He stood at the edge of the pool and removed his last garment, unabashedly proud of his magnificent erection.

Aeryn couldn't help but be impressed with his masculine beauty. Her trysts with fellow Peacekeepers were usually quick, for physical gratification only, and back to duty. She was enjoying the slower pace of this liaison.

John slid into the warm pool and floated over to Aeryn, "this is great. Just the two of us, alone, finally." He stroked her cheek, "how long have you known about this place?"

"A while. I come here sometimes after working out." Aeryn traced her fingers along his jaw line, flicking her tongue across his lips.

With his hands on her hips, John spun them around so that he sat on the makeshift bench just below the surface. Aeryn knelt between his legs, holding on to his muscular thighs as the warm liquid ebbed and flowed around them.

Holding her face gently between his hands, he whispered huskily, "be with me Aeryn, I want youâ€|so much," John sighed rubbing his hands delicately over her breasts, her nipples hardening to ruby peaks with each caress.

"Yesâ€|yesâ€|John," she said, closing her eyes and letting the sensual excitement he was creating wash over her.



She mounted him, her yielding entrance grazing the very tip of him. John groaned loudly at the sensation. With their eyes locked together, John placed his hands on her slim waist and lowered her slowly as their mingled moans filled the small chamber. Aeryn clawed at his shoulders as she settled, constricting her inner walls to hold him deep inside her, then wrapped her arms tightly around his neck. John closed his eyes and buried his face in her bosom.

With their bodies melded together, they began to move in unison. Aeryn arched her back, encouraging John to lavish her breasts with the attention she desired. He needed no encouragement, titillating each delicate mound with his skillful mouth. He moved her gently up and down as she held on to his shoulders, the increasing power of their strokes sending warm liquid sloshing over the sides of the pool.

In the midst of their lovemaking, John looked up at her with such a loving expression it brought tears to her eyes. Aeryn did her best to reflect that love back to him. It wasn't easy for her to let her defenses down, to allow those feelings to surface. Her feelings for John were so strong, so much more than physical; she wanted him to know it, to know that Velorek was long forgotten. She spent the next few microns doing her best to convince him until they both were spent.

Their bodies relaxed as the throes of their climax subsided and Aeryn bent down to kiss him passionately, completely losing herself in him. John returned the kiss in kind, finally moving his hands from her waist and stroking her sides.

Aeryn winced painfully, and John pulled back to look at her. "What? Did I hurt you?" His tone became more insistent, "Aeryn?"

Aeryn looked away from him. "It's nothing." She tried to pull away, but John was not ready to lose their connection. He examined her closely, finding an angry bruise just under her left breast. He wondered why he hadn't seen it before, suddenly hating himself for letting his libido run away with him.

"This is why you told me to close my eyes earlier? You didn't want me to see this," his tone vacillating between concern and anger, "whyâ€|why didn't you tell me?"

Hot tears spilled down her cheeks as she tried again to release herself from his embrace. "It wasâ€|an accident," she explained brokenly, "I'm fine. It's nothingâ€|."

"It's not 'nothing,' Aeryn," John said, brushing the hair back from her neck, only to find the red marks of Pilot's claw marring her ivory skin. "Gawd, Aeryn! I'm gonna kill that shell-headedâ€|."

"You'll do nothing, John, nothing! It was the least I deserved after what I did. Please," she implored, "let it be."

"Butâ€|."

"But nothing. It's between Pilot and me," she paused, "nothing to do with you," she added softly.

"Nothing to do with me?" John was incredulous yet again. "I love you, Aeryn! He could have broken a rib, or worseâ€¦".

"What did you say?"

"He could have broken a ribâ€¦".

"No, before that."

John thought backâ€¦oh God! He had said it. It just came out; he never intended to tell her in a pique of anger. But there it was - the truth. "I love you," he repeated softly.

She smiled at him, that brilliant smile she saved only for him. "You're the only man who has ever said that to me," she said, playing with the shells of his ears.

"I am? You mean Velâ€¦".

Aeryn covered his mouth with her hand, "no," she said emphatically, "only you."

John was deliriously happy at the moment, so happy that it never occurred to him to ask how she felt. He loved her; she knew it, and the idea seemed to please her. That was more than enough for now. "I think we better get out of here before we turn into a couple of prunes."

That quizzical look crossed Aeryn's face, the one that meant she had no idea what he was talking about. John just laughed and shook his head, "never mind, let's just go."

Standing up, John helped Aeryn out of the pool, then grabbed a couple of towels from Chiana's laundry. He gently wiped every part of her, caressing her tenderly until she was completely dry. Aeryn did the same, thoroughly enjoying this simple, sensuous moment with him. They dressed quickly and turned to leave.

"Wait," Aeryn said, "one more thing."

Seeing the confused look on Crichton's face, she explained, "surveillance tape."

"Ah yes, we don't want to leave any evidence around to be found later," John said, nodding in agreement. "We should have thought of that before, when we first came in here."

"Oh I thought about it," Aeryn grinned salaciously, "but then I thought we might want a keepsake to enjoy later." She winked at John, knowing she had surprised him.

"You are wicked, Aeryn Sun. I like that in a woman." He squeezed her backside as they headed toward Moya's main corridors.

"You know," John began as they walked along, "I was wonderingâ€¦what was that liquid we were bathing in? It didn't really feel like water, exactly. It had kind of an oily feelâ€¦".

Aeryn smiled knowingly. She could think of no reason to enlighten

John on just what was being recycled in that pool; she was certain he would figure it out later. After all, Moya was a biomechanoid with certain needs.

"Don't think about it now, John." Aeryn leaned in closer and they continued on in silence.

Neither of them was eager to separate, both still longing to be close. It had been an eventful day and they wanted to spend the rest of the night in each other's arms. They settled in Aeryn's cell, carelessly discarding their clothes. They lay together on the small bunk, Aeryn draped across John's warm body, legs entwined.

"John," Aeryn said, nuzzling closer and nibbling his ear, "do you really think my ass is too flat?"

John grinned like the proverbial Cheshire cat, he could see it would easily take the rest of the night to convince Aeryn that she was physically perfect in every way, and he would enjoy every micron of it.

The End

End  
file.